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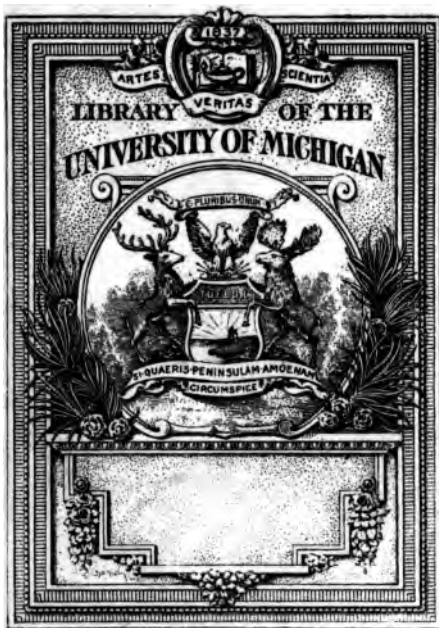
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*The Run & Hide  
and Other Poems  
by Blaise Cendrars*



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*The Rough Rider*  
*and Other Poems*

by  
*Bliss Carman*



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To  
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**204126**

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*THE ROUGH RIDER*





## THE ANGELS OF MAN

**T**HE word of the Lord of the outer worlds  
Went forth on the deeps of space,  
That Michael, Gabriel, Rafael,  
Should stand before his face,  
The seraphs of his threefold will,  
Each in his ordered place.

Brave Michael, the right hand of God,  
Strong Gabriel, his voice,  
Fair Rafael, his holy breath  
That makes the world rejoice,—  
Archangels of omnipotence,  
Of knowledge, and of choice;

Michael, angel of loveliness  
In all things that survive,  
And Gabriel, whose part it is  
To ponder and contrive,  
And Rafael, who puts the heart  
In every thing alive.

Came Rafael, the enraptured soul,  
Stainless as wind or fire,  
The urge within the flux of things,  
The life that must aspire,  
With whom is the beginning,  
The worth, and the desire;

## *THE ANGELS OF MAN*

And Gabriel, the all-seeing mind,  
Bringer of truth and light,  
Who lays the courses of the stars  
In their stupendous flight,  
And calls the migrant flocks of spring  
Across the purple night;

And Michael, the artificer  
Of beauty, shape, and hue,  
Lord of the forges of the sun,  
The crucible of the dew,  
And driver of the plowing rain  
When the flowers are born anew.

Then said the Lord: "Ye shall account  
For the ministry ye hold,  
Since ye have been my sons to keep  
My purpose from of old.  
How fare the realms within your sway  
To perfections still untold?"

Answered each as he had the word.  
And a great silence fell  
On all the listening hosts of heaven  
To hear their captains tell,—  
With the breath of the wind, the call of a bird,  
And the cry of a mighty bell.

## *THE ANGELS OF MAN*

Then the Lord said: "The time is ripe  
For finishing my plan,  
And the accomplishment of that  
For which all time began.  
Therefore on you is laid the task  
Of the fashioning of man;

"In your own likeness shall he be,  
To triumph in the end.  
I only give him Michael's strength  
To guard him and defend,  
With Gabriel to be his guide,  
And Rafael his friend.

"Ye shall go forth upon the earth,  
And make there Paradise,  
And be the angels of that place  
To make men glad and wise,  
With loving-kindness in their hearts,  
And knowledge in their eyes.

"And ye shall be man's counselors  
That neither rest nor sleep,  
To cheer the lonely, lift the frail,  
And solace them that weep.  
And ever on his wandering trail  
Your watch-fires ye shall keep;

## *THE ANGELS OF MAN*

"Till in the far years he shall find  
The country of his quest,  
The empire of the open truth,  
The vision of the best,  
Foreseen by every mother saint  
With her new-born on her breast."

## THE ROUGH RIDER

**T**HERE lift the peaks of purple,  
Where dip the 'dusty trails,  
Where gleaming, teeming cities  
Lie linked by shining rails,  
By shadow-haunted camp-fire,  
Beneath the great white dome,  
In saddle and in council  
Intrepid and at home,

Who is the hardy figure  
Of virile fighting strain,  
With valor and conviction  
In heart, and hand, and brain?  
Sprung from our old ideals  
To serve our later needs,  
He is the modern Roundhead,  
The man who rides and reads.

No pomp of braid and feathers,  
No flash of burnished gear,  
He wears the plainsman's outfit  
Sufficient and severe.  
With no imperial chevron  
Upon his khaki sleeve,  
He thinks by no made doctrine,  
He speaks by no man's leave.

## *THE ROUGH RIDER*

The breed and creed and schooling  
Of Harvard and the plains,  
Six hundred years of fighting  
For freedom in his veins,  
Let no one think to wheedle,  
To buy, coerce, nor cheat,  
The man who loves the open,  
The man who knows the street.

He rides not for vain glory,  
He fights not for low gain,  
But that the range of freedom  
Unravaged shall remain.  
As plain as Bible language  
And open as the day,  
He challenges injustice,  
And bids corruption stay.

Take up, who will, the challenge;  
Stand pat on graft and greed;  
Grow sleek on others' labor,  
Surfeit on others' need;  
Let paid and bloodless tricksters  
Devise a legal way  
Our common right and justice  
"To sell, deny, delay."

## *THE ROUGH RIDER*

Not yesterday nor lightly  
We came to know that breed;  
Our quarrel with that cunning  
Is old as Runnymede.  
We saw enfranchised insult  
Deploy in kingly line,  
When broke our sullen fury  
On Rupert of the Rhine.

At Newbury and Worcester,  
Edgehill and Marston Moor,  
We got the stubborn courage  
To dare and to endure.  
From Ireton and Cromwell  
We learned the sword and rein;  
Free speech by truth made fearless,  
From Hampden, Pym, and Vane.

A thousand years in peril,  
By privilege oppressed,  
With loss beyond requital,  
Unflinching in our quest,  
We sought and bought our freedom  
And bore it oversea;  
To keep it still unblighted,  
We rode with Grant and Lee.



## *THE ROUGH RIDER*

Now, masking raid and rapine  
In debonair disguise,  
The foe we thought defeated  
Deludes our careless eyes,  
Entrenched in law and largess  
And the vested wrong of things,  
Cloaking a fouler treason  
Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,  
He holds our land for rent,  
He sweats our little children  
To swell his cent per cent ;  
With secret grip and levy  
On every crumb we eat,  
He drives our sons to thieving,  
Our daughters to the street.

He lightly sells his honor,  
He boldly shames our pride,  
And makes our cause a scandal  
For the nations to deride.  
So crafty, yet so craven !  
One whisper through the mart  
Can send him to his coffers  
With panic in his heart.

## THE ROUGH RIDER

With no such feeble rancor  
As envy moves to hate,  
No ignorant detraction  
Of goodly things and great,  
But with the wrath unbridled  
Of patriots betrayed,—  
Of workers duped by brokers,  
Of brothers unafraid,—

Against the grim defenses  
Where might and murrain hide,  
Unswerving to the issue  
Loose-reined and rough we ride  
Full tardily, to rescue  
Our heritage from wrong,  
And stablish it on manhood,  
A thousand times more strong.

Comes now the fearless Message,  
The leader, and the time  
For every man to muster  
For honor or for crime.  
Who would not ride beside him  
Into the toughest fight—  
For freedom, the republic,  
And everlasting right!

## *THE SPIRIT IN ARMS*

(AN INCIDENT OF 1675)

**W**HEN the just ire of England  
Arose in daring might  
Against the perfidious Stuart,  
To uphold a diviner right,  
“ Let kings learn,” said her Commons,  
“ Their duty once for all,”  
And sent the Lord’s anointed  
To the headsman of Whitehall.

But strange are the shifts for freedom,  
Heavy tradition’s hand,  
And the days of the avenger  
Were not long in the land.  
No sooner another Stuart  
Was safe on the throne once more,  
Than his father’s judges were outlawed,  
Hunted from door to door.

Two oversea for safety  
To wild New England fled,  
To haunt her forest borders,  
With a price upon each head.  
Harried from hiding to hiding,  
Eating their bread in haste,  
By many a hearth and camp-fire  
Their unresting trail was traced.

## *THE SPIRIT IN ARMS*

To-day in sleepy Hadley,  
In its wide, green-shaded street,  
They will point you out a dwelling  
Was the regicides' retreat.  
Here between ranks of homesteads  
Their public common was made  
For pasture and pleasure, protected  
From Indian pillage and raid.

Deep in the seeding grasses  
The arching elm trees stand,  
Under the blue of August,  
With peace over all the land.  
On such a day in summer  
Seasons and seasons ago,  
On this lovely Puritan haven  
Descended the stealthy foe.

The people were all at worship,  
When a sudden fiendish yell  
Broke on the fast-day stillness;  
They knew what it meant full well.  
Forth rushed the men from the meeting  
(Armed were they always then),  
To find their quiet Main Street  
Swarming with painted men.

## *THE SPIRIT IN ARMS*

Trapped, for the instant panic  
Unmanning the stoutest there,  
Drove them back to the doorway;  
Disaster was in the air.  
They saw their wives and children  
Given to knife and brand,  
And the blood ran back for a moment  
From every hardy hand.

Mazed by the din and horror,  
Stampeded by savage war,  
Where was the spirit that triumphed  
At Naseby and Dunbar?  
Suddenly there before them,  
Taking command, was seen  
A thrilling resolute presence,  
With heroic right in his mien.

At the call of that confident leader  
Their sickened hearts grew bold,  
And they thought how the Lord had smitten  
The Midianites of old.  
Then did the Puritan spirit  
Come back to them where they stood,  
And they fell on the shrieking Nipmucks  
And drove them back to the wood.

## *THE SPIRIT IN ARMS*

But when the rout was over,  
Ere the sweat was wiped away  
From the tanned and toil-worn faces  
In thankfulness that day,  
They turned to behold the stranger  
Who had saved them from worse than death,  
And the spirit in arms had vanished,  
He had come and gone like a breath.

Had they but looked on a vision?  
Or, seeing them too sore tried,  
Had the Lord sent His angel among them?  
It was Goffe the regicide.  
He had seen from his place of hiding  
The redskins creeping down,  
Malignant shapes in the shadows,  
On the unoffending town.

And quick to the call of outrage,  
He who could have no part  
In the open life of his fellows  
Had come to strengthen their heart.  
The intrepid soldier of justice  
Once more had unsheathed his sword  
To defend the rights of a people,  
Ere he passed to the great award.

## THE PURITAN CAPTAIN

I SAW in Newtowne lately a vision of the Spring,—  
The glory of New England come back with blade  
and wing.

First came the sturdy willows, in coats of greenish grey  
They marched beside the river in jubilant array;  
And then along the roadsides where whitening orchards  
lean,

The pomp of golden hedges, with bannerings of green;  
In deepest garden corners, bringing the wildwood near,  
I saw the mystic trillium and the violet appear.

The far-off woodlands floated a mist of greyish blue,  
With here and there the sanguine of maples showing  
through,—

The careless tinge of valor, the tatters of romance,  
Inwoven in the habit of sober circumstance.

Through Craigie Street and Brattle the lilacs brushed  
the eaves,

Old gables stood transfigured in the miracle of leaves.  
And where I passed at sundown under the twilight star,  
Musing of those dead people who made us what we are,

From a colonial doorway, brass-knocked, prim and white,  
Stepped forth a valiant figure, and in the uncertain light  
Came down the sanded footpath with free imperious  
stride,

His classic cloak about him, his good sword at his side,

## THE PURITAN CAPTAIN

Uncompromising purpose in every move and line,  
And in the clean-bred features a temper proud and fine.  
His belted coat was homespun, his hat was steeple-  
crowned;  
He walked and looked about him as one who makes a  
round.

A touch of old-world breeding both gracious and austere  
In habit and deportment held me as he drew near.  
“ Good evening, Sir,” he greeted the stranger passing by,  
“ It is a pleasant evening.” “ It is, indeed,” said I.  
At once his kindly manner had put me at my ease;  
And as he stood there under the arch of lilac trees  
Smiling at my amazement, I felt a kinship rise  
To meet the thoughtful forehead, droll mouth, and fear-  
less eyes.

My heart warmed of a sudden with deep ancestral fires.  
Here were the very features and fervor of my sires.  
He calmly spoke, this Pilgrim, half soldier, half divine,  
Beneath whose grim demeanor I knew the soul benign.  
“ So God’s eternal springtime comes back to earth once  
more,  
His messenger of beauty to each New England door.  
Rejoice ye in that message! I long ago but heard  
Stern oracles of goodness, high callings of the word.



## *THE PURITAN CAPTAIN*

" I did not break Charles Stuart, to let the godless rule.  
I did not raise up Cromwell, to tolerate the fool.  
And I who fronted Andros the tyrant in Cornhill  
And sent him back to cover, am with my people still.  
Long, long I fought and suffered the blight of heinous  
things,—

The insolence of priesthoods, the arrogance of kings.  
Against uncurbed oppression I drove with pike and  
sword;  
And in the cry for justice I knew my spirit's Lord.

" I did not stop to quibble upon the path I chose.  
When came the need for freedom, in freedom's name I  
rose,

To champion ideals that save the world to-day.  
Though men account me nothing, my strength shall be  
their stay.

But while among my people, made strong in peace, I find  
Those things for which I battled, clean life and open  
mind,

I miss the one fine treasure for which the heathen strove,  
The light of happy faces made luminous with love.

" For I who fought so fiercely in my relentless youth  
For righteousness of conduct, have come to know this  
truth:

Ye cannot free man's spirit and leave his senses bound,  
Nor leave unused in heaven the joyance of the ground.

## THE PURITAN CAPTAIN

Ye shall forego not, therefore, the magic of the spring,  
Nor miss one pang of rapture the pagan year can bring;  
But build the fairer wisdom that shall emerge at length  
Into immortal manhood, whose joy shall be its strength.

“ Strive on; still waits perfection; the good fight is not  
done,  
Though we have stretched our borders into the setting  
sun.  
Mistake not great possessions nor might of hand and  
brain  
For hostages of gladness; seek first the surer gain,—  
The lightsome heart and sweetness that to the spring be-  
long,  
The shine on dappled waters that move both deep and  
strong.”  
I glanced round as he pointed to where the river shone,  
And when I turned to question him further, he was gone.

## *A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING*

**I**T is the mellow season  
When gold enchantment lies  
On stream and road and woodland,  
To gladden soul's surmise.  
The little old grey homesteads  
Are quiet as can be,  
Among their stone-fenced orchards  
And meadows by the sea.

Here lived the men who gave us  
The purpose that holds fast,  
The dream that nerves endeavor,  
The glory that shall last.  
Here strong as pines in winter  
And free as ripening corn,  
Our faith in fair ideals—  
Our fathers' faith—was born.

Here shone through simple living,  
With pride in word and deed,  
And consciences of granite,  
The old New England breed.  
With souls assayed by hardship,  
Illumined, self-possessed,  
Strongly they lived, and left us  
Their passion for the best.

## *A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING*

On trails that cut the sunset,  
Above the last divide,  
The vision has not vanished,  
The whisper has not died.  
From Shasta to Katahdin,  
Blue Hill to Smoky Ridge,  
Still stand the just convictions  
That stood at Concord Bridge.

Beneath our gilded revel,  
Behind our ardent boast,  
Above our young impatience  
To value least and most,  
Sure as the swinging compass  
To serve at touch of need,  
Square to the world's four corners,  
Abides their fearless creed.

Still fired with wonder-working,  
Intolerant of peers,  
Impetuous and sanguine  
After the hundred years,  
In likeness to our fathers,  
Beyond the safe-marked scope  
Of reason and decorum,  
We jest and dare and hope.

*A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING*

Thank we the Blood that bred us,  
Clear fibre and clean strain—  
The Truth which straightly sighted  
Lets no one swerve again.  
And may almighty Goodness  
Give us the will to be  
As sweet as upland pastures,  
And strong as wind at sea.

## IN GOLD LACQUER

**G**OLD are the great trees overhead,  
And gold the leaf-strewn grass,  
As though a cloth of gold were spread  
To let a seraph pass.  
And where the pageant should go by,  
Meadow and wood and stream,  
The world is all of lacquered gold,  
Expectant as a dream.

Against the sunset's burning gold,  
Etched in dark monotone  
Behind its alley of grey trees  
And gateposts of grey stone,  
Stands the Old Manse, about whose eaves  
An air of mystery clings,  
Abandoned to the lonely peace  
Of bygone ghostly things.

In molten gold the river winds  
With languid sweep and turn,  
Beside the red-gold wooded hill  
Yellowed with ash and fern.  
The streets are tiled with gold-green shade  
And arched with fretted gold,  
Ecstatic aisles that richly thread  
This minster grim and old.

*IN GOLD LACQUER*

The air is flecked with filtered gold,—  
The shimmer of romance  
Whose ageless glamour still must hold  
The world as in a trance,  
Pouring o'er every time and place  
Light of an amber sea,  
The spell of all the gladsome things  
That have been or shall be.

## MEMORIAL DAY

(NEW ENGLAND)

**O**NCE more over relics of winter the willows all gold  
Wave odorous plumes of enchantment, the fern-  
heads unfold

In forgotten places, as fresh as when Pan long ago  
Might pass through the bird-haunted woodlands, or linger  
to blow

On his pure keen pipe by the river. The wild cherry  
bough

Is robed for the white celebration of memory now.

Old orchards a maze of pink-white with black stems  
showing through,

Swamp alder and hill-loving birch all betasseled anew,  
And ruddy wing-flowering maples,—the year is abloom,  
Each dooryard a heaven of lilac, each breeze a perfume.  
And hark to the small yellow warbler uplifting his voice,  
So serene, so intense, so unstified! Who could not re-  
joice

With the splendid oncoming of glory? Tall beech trees  
are crowned;

Blue violets spring under foot in the magical ground;  
And at twilight the frogs will fife up one by one till they  
fill

The whole dome of dusk with their choral triumphant,  
to thrill



## MEMORIAL DAY

And transmute to an impulse of gladness the sob in each  
throat ;

As we with proud-spirited music help, too, to denote  
And enhance the beneficent wonder, the power of earth  
At her sorcery still, bringing ever new triumphs to birth  
For the battle-bruised soul, the supreme one, desiring  
nought

Save that always her truest and goodliest dreams should  
be wrought

Into loveliness out of this life-stuff.

So all things alive,

Birds and winds and the sensitive flowers, persist and  
survive

With joy unabated, with banners unstruck to the frost,  
To remind us no beauty can perish, no effort be lost,  
No ardor diminished forever, nor purpose lack room  
To accomplish its utmost ideal! As all things resume  
Their unfulfilled tasks of perfection, each after its need,  
Shall the heart cease from longing, the mind from its  
loftiest creed,

Or the senses refuse their 'due service? Behold we arise  
From failure, mistake, and regret, putting on the fresh  
guise

Of a use no disaster can ruin, the ultimate test  
When endeavor shall gain all it dreamed of the infinite  
best,—

## **MEMORIAL DAY**

The little-regarded and common made great and sublime,  
The eternal arrested and fashioned in space and in time.

Then sound a new note on the bugles, unmuffle the  
drums,

Sing hymns of exulting, proud thanks for the uplift that  
comes

From the thought of our heroes, resurging like sap in the  
bough

Through hearts sorrow-hardened and faint, but rehu-  
manized now

By the hand-clasp and rally of loved ones for whom we  
in trust

Hold sacred ideals bequeathed us from out of the dust  
Of battle fields holy. And keep we unfettered and fine  
The faith which sustained our strong brothers that truth  
the divine

Shall unfurl her peace colors, triumphant as blossom and  
spray,

Bedecking the earth with fresh gladness, and generous  
as they.

## DECORATION DAY

(THE CAPITOL, WEST FRONT)

**S**TAND here in the shadow of the Capitol,  
And let your eyes range down across the city,  
Where marble buildings rise out of a sea  
Of tree-tops, and the Monument floats up  
All rose and lilac in the morning light,  
A thing of magic by the Potomac shore.

Across the river on the wooded bank  
Where that colonial portico gleams white,  
Is the nation's hallowed ground,—their resting-place  
Who gave their lives up gladly for the truth,  
Each, as he deemed, a soldier of the right,  
Impassioned by the justice of his cause.

And hark, above the car-bells and the cries,  
A band is playing! Troops are on the move.  
Far down the Avenue a column wheels  
To pass the pillared Treasury, on the way  
To honor its dead heroes sleeping there  
On the heights of Arlington ten thousand strong.

There rests my old friend in his soldier's grave,—  
Old grim idealist with the tender heart,  
The grizzled head, grey eye, and scanty speech,

## *DECORATION DAY*

And hand that never faltered in the fight  
Through all the rough work of a long campaign.  
God keep you, General, with the heroes gone!

In many a place through all the land to-day,  
Mourners will come, and with hands full of flowers  
Pay loving honor to the valiant dead  
Who gave their last breath for the cause they loved,  
For liberty and justice, and flinched not  
To pay the utmost for their noble dream.

And you, O fond and forgetful ones  
Who have no grave to tend for all your loss,  
No sacred spot whereat your love may kneel,  
But must in silence let the proud tears spring,  
Keeping the lonely vigil of the heart,  
While the flags flutter and the dead-march plays;

Behold for you the consoling rain shall fall  
In odorous assuaging woodland showers,  
And wild wood-flowers spring up to deck the ground  
Wherever early summer passes now;  
And in far valleys where no bugles peal  
Shy birds will sing their requiems for your dead.

## DECORATION DAY

Therefore, take courage, seeing all natural things  
Are not left desolate, but lovely earth  
Transmutes each scar and sorrow to her gain,  
And from the flux of time and growth renews  
Her seasons of indomitable joy,  
And breeds new beauty each reviving year.

Let us too live with gladness, and become  
A part of that which never can be lost,  
But must be merged forever with new power,  
The urge, the aspiration, and the gleam,—  
All that is infinite and divine in man,  
The eternal rescued from mortality.

Let us not doubt, but with an unvexed mind  
Bring truth to pass with beauty and with good,  
One and sufficient in the last event,  
The work made perfect by the loving hand,  
The fair ideal translated into fact;  
And heaven can not be far from this our world.

And so we turn from memory to-day  
To the fresh tasks, splendid heroic toil,  
Triumphs of knowledge and beneficence,  
And victories unblemished by regret;  
With the untroubled confidence of strength  
We go to build the commonwealth of peace.

*ST. MICHAEL'S STAR*

(A HYMN FOR LABOR DAY)

**I**N the pure solitude of dusk  
One star is set to shine  
Above the sundown's dying rose,  
A lamp before a shrine.  
It is the star of Michael lit  
In the minster of the sun,  
That every toiling hand may give  
Thanks for the day's work done.

For when the almighty word went forth  
To bid creation be,—  
The glimmering star-tracks on the blue,  
The tide-belts on the sea,—  
Perfect as planned, from Michael's hand  
The lasting hills arose,  
Their bases on the poppied plain,  
Their peaks in bannered snows.

Cedar and thorn and oak were born;  
Green fiddleheads uncurled  
In the spring woods; gold addertongues  
Came forth to glad the world;—  
The magic of the punctual seeds,  
Each with its pregnant powers,  
As the lord Michael fashioned them  
To keep their days and hours.

## *ST. MICHAEL'S STAR*

Frail fins to ride the monstrous tide,  
Soft wings to poise and gleam,  
He formed the pageant tribe by tribe  
As vivid as a dream.  
And still must his beneficence  
Renew, create, sustain,  
The sorcery of the wind and sun,  
The alchemy of the rain.

Teeming with God, the kindly sod  
Yearns through the summer days  
With the mute eloquence of flowers,  
Its only means of praise.  
At dusk and dawn the tranquil hills  
Throb to the song of birds,  
And all the dim blue silence thrills  
To transport not of words.

For earth must breed to spirit's need,  
Clay to the finer clay,  
That soul through sense find recompense  
And rapture on her way.  
And man, from dust and dreaming wrought,  
To all things must impart  
The trend and likeness of his thought,  
The passion of his heart.

## *ST. MICHAEL'S STAR*

The love and lore he shall acquire  
To word and deed must dare;  
Resemblances of God his sire  
His voice and mien must bear.  
His children's children shall portray  
The skill which he bestows  
On living; and what life must mean  
His craftsman's instinct knows.

Line upon line and tone by tone,  
The visioned form he gives  
To sound and color, wood and stone,  
Takes loveliness and lives.  
He sees his project's soaring hope  
Grow substance, and expand  
To measure a diviner scope  
Beneath his patient hand.

To pencil, brush, and burnisher  
His wizardry he lends,  
And to the care of lathe and loom  
His secret he commends.  
In hues and forms and cadences  
New beauty he instills,  
A brother by the right of craft  
To Michael of the hills.



## EASTER EVE

**I**F I should tell you I saw Pan lately down by the  
    shallows of Silvermine,  
Blowing an air on his pipe of willow, just as the moon  
    began to shine;  
Or say that, coming from town on Wednesday, I met  
    Christ walking in Ponus Street;  
You might remark, "Our friend is flighty! Visions, for  
    want of enough red meat!"

Then let me ask you. Last December, when there was  
    skating on Wampanaw,  
Among the weeds and sticks and grasses under the hard  
    black ice I saw  
An old mud-turtle poking about, as if he were putting  
    his house to rights,  
Stiff with the cold perhaps, yet knowing enough to pre-  
    pare for the winter nights.

And here he is on a log this morning, sunning himself as  
    calm as you please.  
But I want to know, when the lock of winter was sprung  
    of a sudden, who kept the keys?  
Who told old nibbler to go to sleep safe and sound with  
    the lily roots,  
And then in the first warm days of April—out to the  
    sun with the greening shoots?

## EASTER EVE

By night a flock of geese went over, honking north on the  
trails of air,  
The spring express—but who despatched it, equipped with  
speed and cunning care?  
Hark to our bluebird down in the orchard trolling his  
chant of the happy heart,  
As full of light as a theme of Mozart's—but where did  
he learn that more than art?

Where the river winds through grassy meadows, as sure  
as the south wind brings the rain,  
Sounding his reedy note in the alders, the starling comes  
back to his nest again.  
Are these not miracles? Prompt you answer: "Merely  
the prose of natural fact;  
Nothing but instinct plain and patent, born in the crea-  
tures, that bids them act."

Well, I have an instinct as fine and valid, surely, as that  
of the beasts and birds,  
Concerning death and the life immortal, too deep for  
logic, too vague for words.  
No trace of beauty can pass or perish, but other beauty  
is somewhere born;  
No seed of truth or good be planted, but the yield must  
grow as the growing corn.

## *EASTER EVE*

Therefore this ardent mind and spirit I give to the glowing days of earth,  
To be wrought by the Lord of life to something of lasting import and lovely worth.  
If the toil I give be without self-seeking, bestowed to the limit of will and power,  
To fashion after some form ideal the instant task and the waiting hour,

It matters not though defeat undo me, though faults betray me and sorrows scar,  
Already I share the life eternal with the April buds and the evening star.  
Our minister here, entrenched in doctrine, may know no doubt upon Easter Eve.  
And when it comes to the crucial question, Doctor, you skeptic, you too believe!

## RESURGAM

**L**O, now comes the April pageant  
And the Easter of the year.  
Now the tulip lifts her chalice,  
And the hyacinth his spear;  
All the daffodils and jonquils  
With their hearts of gold are here.  
Child of the immortal vision,  
What hast thou to do with fear?

When the summons wakes the impulse,  
And the blood beats in the vein,  
Let no grief thy dream encumber,  
No regret thy thought detain.  
Through the scented bloom-hung valleys,  
Over tillage, wood and plain,  
Comes the soothing south wind laden  
With the sweet impartial rain.

All along the roofs and pavements  
Pass the volleying silver showers,  
To unfold the hearts of humans  
And the frail unanxious flowers.  
Breeding fast in sunlit places,  
Teeming life puts forth her powers,  
And the migrant wings come northward  
On the trail of golden hours.

## *RESURGAM*

Over intervale and upland  
Sounds the robin's interlude  
From his tree-top spire at evening  
Where no unbeliefs intrude.  
Every follower of beauty  
Finds in the spring solitude  
Sanctuary and persuasion  
Where the mysteries still brood.

Now the bluebird in the orchard,  
A warm sighing at the door,  
And the soft haze on the hillside,  
Lure the houseling to explore  
The perennial enchanted  
Lovely world and all its lore;  
While the early tender twilight  
Breathes of those who come no more.

By full brimming river margins  
Where the scents of brush fires blow,  
Through the faint green mist of springtime,  
Dreaming glad-eyed lovers go,  
Touched with such immortal madness  
Not a thing they care to know  
More than those who caught life's secret  
Countless centuries ago.

## RESURGAM

In old Egypt for Osiris,  
Putting on the green attire,  
With soft hymns and choric dancing  
They went forth to greet the fire  
Of the vernal sun, whose ardor  
His earth children could inspire;  
And the ivory flutes would lead them  
To the slake of their desire.

In remembrance of Adonis  
Did the Dorian maidens sing  
Linus songs of joy and sorrow  
For the coming back of spring,—  
Sorrow for the wintry death  
Of each irrevocable thing,  
Joy for all the pangs of beauty  
The returning year could bring.

Now the priests and holy women  
With sweet incense, chant and prayer,  
Keep His death and resurrection  
Whose new love bade all men share  
Immortality of kindness,  
Living to make life more fair.  
Wakened to such wealth of being,  
Who would not arise and dare?

## RESURGAM

Seeing how each new fulfillment  
Issues at the call of need  
From infinitudes of purpose  
In the core of soul and seed,  
Who shall set the bounds of puissance  
Or the formulas of creed?  
Truth awaits the test of beauty,  
Good is proven in the deed.

Therefore, give thy spring renascence,—  
Freshened ardor, dreams and mirth,—  
To make perfect and replenish  
All the sorry fault and dearth  
Of the life from whose enrichment  
Thine aspiring will had birth;  
Take thy part in the redemption  
Of thy kind from bonds of earth.

So shalt thou, absorbed in beauty,  
Even in this mortal clime  
Share the life that is eternal,  
Brother to the lords of time,—  
Virgil, Raphael, Gautama,—  
Builders of the world sublime.  
Yesterday was not earth's evening,  
Every morning is our prime.

## *RESURGAM*

All that can be worth the rescue  
From oblivion and decay,—  
Joy and loveliness and wisdom,—  
In thyself, without dismay  
Thou shalt save and make enduring  
Through each word and act, to sway  
The hereafter to a likeness  
Of thyself in other clay.

Still remains the peradventure,  
Soul pursues an orbit here  
Like those unreturning comets,  
Sweeping on a vast career,  
By an infinite directrix,  
Focussed to a finite sphere,—  
Nurtured in an earthly April,  
In what realm to reappear?



## AT THE MAKING OF MAN

*FIRST all the host of Raphael  
In liveries of gold,  
Lifted the chorus on whose rhythm  
The spinning spheres are rolled,—  
The Seraphs of the morning calm  
Whose hearts are never cold.*

He shall be born a spirit,  
Part of the soul that yearns,  
The core of vital gladness  
That suffers and discerns,  
The stir that breaks the budding sheath  
When the green spring returns,—

The gist of power and patience  
Hid in the plasmic clay,  
The calm behind the senses,  
The passionate essay  
To make his wise and lovely dream  
Immortal on a day.

The soft Aprilian ardors  
That warm the waiting loam  
Shall whisper in his pulses  
To bid him overcome,  
And he shall learn the wonder-cry  
Beneath the azure dome.

## AT THE MAKING OF MAN

And though all-dying nature  
Should teach him to deplore,  
The ruddy fires of autumn  
Shall lure him but the more  
To pass from joy to stronger joy,  
As through an open door.

He shall have hope and honor,  
Proud trust and courage stark,  
To hold him to his purpose  
Through the unlighted dark,  
And love that sees the moon's full orb  
In the first silver arc.

And he shall live by kindness  
And the heart's certitude,  
Which moves without misgiving  
In ways not understood,  
Sure only of the vast event,—  
The large and simple good.

*Then Gabriel's host in silver gear  
And vesture twilight blue,  
The spirits of immortal mind,  
The warders of the true,  
Took up the theme that gives the world  
Significance anew.*

## AT THE MAKING OF MAN

He shall be born to reason,  
And have the primal need  
To understand and follow  
Wherever truth may lead,—  
To grow in wisdom like a tree  
Unfolding from a seed.

A watcher by the sheepfolds,  
With wonder in his eyes,  
He shall behold the seasons,  
And mark the planets rise,  
Till all the marching firmament  
Shall rouse his vast surmise.

Beyond the sweep of vision,  
Or utmost reach of sound,  
This cunning fire-maker,  
This tiller of the ground,  
Shall learn the secrets of the suns  
And fathom the profound.

For he must prove all being  
Sane, beauteous, benign,  
And at the heart of nature  
Discover the divine,—  
Himself the type and symbol  
Of the eternal trine.

## AT THE MAKING OF MAN

He shall perceive the kindling  
Of knowledge, far and dim,  
As of the fire that brightens  
Below the dark sea-rim,  
When ray by ray the splendid sun  
Floats to the world's wide brim.

And out of primal instinct,  
The lore of lair and den,  
He shall emerge to question  
How, wherefore, whence, and when,  
Till the last frontier of the truth  
Shall lie within his ken.

*Then Michael's scarlet-suited host  
Took up the word and sang;  
As though a trumpet had been loosed  
In heaven, the arches rang;  
For these were they who feel the thrill  
Of beauty like a pang.*

He shall be framed and balanced  
For loveliness and power,  
Lithe as the supple creatures,  
And colored as a flower,  
Sustained by the all-feeding earth,  
Nurtured by wind and shower,

## *AT THE MAKING OF MAN*

To stand within the vortex  
Where surging forces play,  
A poised and pliant figure  
Immutable as they,  
Till time and space and energy  
Surrender to his sway.

He shall be free to journey  
Over the teeming earth,  
An insatiable seeker,  
A wanderer from his birth,  
Clothed in the fragile veil of sense,  
With fortitude for girth.

His hands shall have dominion  
Of all created things,  
To fashion in the likeness  
Of his imaginings,  
To make his will and thought survive  
Unto a thousand springs.

The world shall be his province,  
The principedom of his skill ;  
The tides shall wear his harness,  
The winds obey his will ;  
Till neither flood, nor fire, nor frost,  
Shall work to do him ill.

*AT THE MAKING OF MAN*

A creature fit to carry  
The pure creative fire,  
Whatever truth inform him,  
Whatever good inspire,  
He shall make lovely in all things  
To the end of his desire.

## ON PONUS RIDGE

I HEARD the voice of our mother planet murmur to-day as the south wind blew  
Over the old Connecticut granite, up from the Sound  
and the rainy blue.

“What is your comment, wandering brother,” said  
Ponus Ridge to the striding rain,

“Not on the 'new word, *Love one another*, but the  
harder text, *Ye shall rise again?*”

“Hast thou found out truth at the core of being, in thy  
long wandering to and fro?

Dost thou know what lurks beyond foreseeing in the  
endless rhythm of ebb and flow?”

“Much have I heard,” said Rain, “of the babel and  
heated haste of the lordling Man,

Telling the wind his gorgeous fable; but who shall hurry  
or check the plan?

“I take small heed of the tales he mutters,” the glitter-  
ing copious rain ran on;

“My music drowns the words he utters; I make my bed  
where his town-lights shone.

I hear the drone of his church and college, humming  
like hives from roof to floor

With direful chant and delirious knowledge, as I pass  
foot-free by their open door.

## ON PONUS RIDGE

“ I have heard the vaunts of his daring dreamers, the  
things foretold by his sons of might,  
And watched him flaunt like the boreal streamers that  
glow and fade in the arctic night.  
I have seen the flare of his pageants kindled, the pride  
of Carthage, the pomp of Tyre;  
And even as I fell they sank and dwindled, beaten down  
like a farm-boy's fire.

“ The earth is my house, the spring my portal; I serve  
without envy, debate or fear.  
Though I pass in mist, am I less immortal than the great-  
ening germ or the glowing sphere?  
I come from the sea and I go to the sea; ten thousand  
times have I risen again  
From the welter and lift of eternity, to solace thy wait-  
ing not in vain.

“ My strength is loosed for thy brooks and rivers, by  
lake and orchard, by wood and field;  
My silver voice with a sob delivers the message fore-  
telling a goodly yield.  
I have quickened the joy in thy swelling breast, I have  
sluiced the ache of thy breeding fire;  
I have perished in transport and died with zest, to fill  
the measure of thy desire.



## ON PONUS RIDGE

“ The seeds of life are of my sowing, the virile impulse,  
the fertile gush,  
The gist and start of all things growing; but thine is  
the warmth and the pregnant hush.  
The stir of joy is of my giving; a hint of perfection far  
and fine  
I speak as I pass to all things living; but the patient wis-  
dom and lore are thine.”

Then the mother granite, grey, eternal, scarred, to the  
careless eye uncouth,  
Spoke in a language pure and vernal, solemn as beauty  
and sweet as truth.  
In the voice of the Ridge in her April season, through  
the babble of streams and the calls of birds,  
Under the rune I caught the reason, out of the murmur  
I made the words.

“ Nay, my comrade, I too must pass; though my fleet-  
ing hours be ages long,  
I abide in the end no more than the grass, than a puff  
of smoke or a strain of song.  
If I give myself to the moment's rapture of lilt and  
leafage, shall I repine  
That the joy I bestow escapes recapture, spent for the  
beauty of branch and vine?

## ON PONUS RIDGE

“ Strong, unhurrying, unbelated, part of the slow sidereal  
urge,  
Patient and sure at heart I waited for life to throb and  
its forms emerge.  
While cosmic æons dawned and darkened, and mon-  
strous drift and blast went by,  
In my slow gestation I lay and harkened for soul to  
question and sense to cry.

“ I am the ardent and ageless mother of all things human,  
all things divine.  
The ravaging snows may whirl and smother, the large  
cold moon of November shine,  
But safe in my soil the germs are sleeping that shall  
awake when the time is come,  
To prove the beneficence of my keeping, and don the  
glory of fragrant bloom.

“ See my young willows in sunlight lifting their silver  
lances against the blue,  
And here where the matted leaves are rifting, the hoods  
of the blood-root breaking through.  
Soon in the sheltered sun-warmed places, out of my an-  
cient enchanted mould,  
Frail spring-beauties will lift their faces, and adder-  
tongues put forth their gold.

## ON PONUS RIDGE

“ Hark to my minstrel, beyond the boulders down in the  
swamp,—on time, no fear!—  
In his sable coat with scarlet shoulders, with his husky  
flute that is good to hear.  
And hark again, in the long Aprilian dusk on the marsh  
to my piper’s cry.  
To-night but one, to-morrow a million will lift my heart  
on their chorus high.

“ Now Sirius low in the west is leaning, Arcturus lifts  
on the eastern rim,—  
The poise, the order, the mighty meaning, creating beauty  
from brim to brim.  
Under the dust of seed and planet, the river music, the  
starry light,  
Am I in the midst, immortal granite, merging my  
strength with the soul of night.

“ At morn I shall see from my stream-bed narrow the  
wild geese flapping with honk and splash,  
To steady and drive their Indian arrow north-by-east  
for the Allegash.  
And then the high clear note of gladness, the rallying  
call of the golden-wing,  
The solace of grief, the shame of sadness, the goodly far-  
sent summons of spring.

## ON PONUS RIDGE

“ Here all day long I shall lie and ponder the teeming  
life whereon I brood,  
While the buds unfold, the low clouds wander, and all  
things flow to rhythm and mood.  
And seeing all form but the trace of motion, all beauty  
the vestige of joy made plain,  
Shall I stint my care and my devotion, to vex me with  
counting the once or again?

“ I take no measure, I keep no tally, of the budding  
spray and the leafing bough,  
Yet not a blossom in all the valley but is the pride of  
my patience now.  
In the hardwood groves where the sun lies mellow, the  
purple hepaticas take the air.  
I help the catkins to break and yellow; the greening  
spring-runs are in my care.

“ I loosen the sheaths of the bladed rushes, I lift the  
sap in the spiral cells,  
Till the first soft tinge through the woodland flushes,  
and the crimson bud of the maple swells.  
I nurse them to beauty hour by hour. And there by the  
road in its grove of pine,  
The little bare school with its dreams of power and  
joy of knowledge,—that, too, is mine!”

## THE MAN OF PEACE

(FEBRUARY 12TH, 1909)

**W**HAT winter holiday is this?  
In Time's great calendar,  
Marked in the rubric of the saints,  
And with a soldier's star,  
Here stands the name of one who lived  
To serve the common weal,  
With humor tender as a prayer  
And honor firm as steel.

No hundred hundred years can dim  
The radiance of his mirth,  
That set unselfish laughter free  
From all the sons of earth.  
Unswerved through stress and scant success,  
Out of his dreamful youth  
He kept an unperturbed faith  
In the almighty truth.

Born in the fulness of the days,  
Up from the teeming soil,  
By the world-mother reared and schooled  
In reverence and toil,  
He stands the test of all life's best  
Through play, defeat, or strain;  
Never a moment was he found  
Unlovable nor vain.

## *THE MAN OF PEACE*

Fondly we set apart this day,  
And mark this plot of earth  
To be forever hallowed ground  
In honor of his birth,  
Where men may come as to a shrine  
And temple of the good,  
To be made sweet and strong of heart  
In Lincoln's brotherhood.

Here walked God's earth in modesty  
The shadow that was man,  
A shade of the divine that moved  
Through His mysterious plan.  
So must we fill the larger mould  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
Fearless, compassionate, contained,  
And masters of the hour,

As men found faithful to a task  
Eternal, pressing, plain,  
Accounting manhood more than wealth,  
And gladness more than gain;  
Distilling happiness from life,  
As vigor from the air,  
Not wresting it with ruthless hands,  
Spoiling our brother's share.

## *THE MAN OF PEACE*

Here shall our children keep alive  
The passion for the right,—  
The cause of justice in the world,  
That was our fathers' fight.  
For this the fair-haired stripling rode,  
The dauntless veteran died,  
For this we keep the ancient code  
In stubbornness and pride.

O South, bring all your chivalry;  
And West, give all your heart;  
And East, your old untarnished dreams  
Of progress and of art!  
Bid waste and war to be no more,  
Bid wanton riot cease;  
At your command give Lincoln's land  
To Paradise,—to peace.

## CHAMPLAIN

(READ AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT, JULY, 1909)

WHEN the sweet Summer days  
Come to New England, and the south wind plays  
Over the forests, and the tall tulip trees  
Lift up their chalices  
Of delicate orange green  
Against the blue serene;  
When the chestnut crowns are full of flowers,  
And the long hours  
Are not too long  
For the oriole's song;  
When the wild roses blow  
In blueberry pastures, and the Bobwhite's note  
Calls us away  
On the happy trail where every heart must go;  
When the white clouds float  
Through an ampler day,  
Above the battlements of the Mountains Green,  
Where the woods come down to the fields on every hand,  
And the meadow-land  
Breaks into ripples and swells  
With the gold of the black-eyed daisies and lily-bells;  
When the old sea lies mystical blue once more  
Along the Pilgrim shore,  
Crooning to stone-fenced pastures sweet with fern  
Tales of the long ago and the far away;

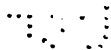


## CHAMPLAIN

And when to the hemlock solitudes return  
The gold-voiced thrushes, and the high beach woods  
Ring with enchantment as the twilight falls  
Among the darkening hills;  
And the new moonlight fills  
The world with beauty and the soul with peace  
And infinite release;  
Is there any land that history recalls,  
Bestowed by gods on mortals anywhere,  
More goodly than New England or more fair?

On such a day three hundred years ago  
By toilsome trails and slow,  
But with the adventurer's spirit high aflame,  
The great discoverer came,  
Finding another Indies than he guessed  
To reward his daring quest,  
And fill the wonder-volume of Romance,—  
The sailor of little Brouage, the founder of New France,  
Sturdy, sagacious, plain  
Samuel de Champlain.

On many a river and stream  
The paddles of his Abenakis dip and gleam;  
Their slim canoe-poles set and flash in the sun,  
Where strong white waters run;



## CHAMPLAIN

By many a portage, many a wooded shore,  
They press on to explore  
The unknown that leads them ever to the west;  
And when at dusk their camp is made  
Within the dense still shade,  
The white shafts of the moonlight creep  
About them while they sleep  
On the earth's fragrant and untroubled breast.  
Then on a day upon some marble rise  
They stand in mute surmise,  
And wonder, as they gaze  
On the green wilderness in summer haze,  
At a new paradise  
Unrolled before their eyes.

What did he seek,  
This hardy voyager with the steady hand,  
And the sunburnt cheek?

Passage to India and the fabled land  
So longed for and foretold,  
Where rivers ran with gold,—  
Man's fond far hope of unlaborious ease,  
Miraculous wealth and benefits unearned,  
For which he vainly yearned.

## CHAMPLAIN

He found here no such place,  
But in this new world again was face to face  
With life's familiar laws and orders old,  
Still to be followed, if we would fill the mould  
Of our ideal,—a manhood that is free  
With the soul's large and happy liberty.

As if God said to Man,  
"Try once again my plan.  
Here is a continent all new,  
Take it and see once more what thou canst do.  
The happiness which thy stormy heart desires  
My will foresees, requires.  
On the long road that lies  
Across the centuries  
To my perfection dimly understood,  
Seek thou the almighty good,  
The everlasting beautiful and true."

Men of New England, sons of pioneers,  
And in your birthright peers  
Of the world's masters, this is holy soil,  
The divine ancestral dust from which we come,  
Bringing our dream of justice, the high thought  
Of a pure freedom for which our mothers wrought  
In dreamful pride,  
And our fathers lived and died  
With unselfish toil.

## CHAMPLAIN

Even as they willed,  
We too must toil to build  
The ideal state,  
Which shall be strong without brutality,  
And by its fine humanity be great.

This is no fairyland,  
No Eldorado planned  
For man's salvation. The law runs forth and back,  
Immutable as the sun on his sidereal track,  
Beneficent as the trees,  
And as the noon profound:  
Only with labor comes ease,  
Only with wisdom comes joy,  
And greatness comes not without love.

This is God's garden ground,  
And we are the tillers thereof.  
And the crop shall be women and men,  
As ever of old,—  
Not a pale city breed,  
Bred between hunger and greed,  
But a new cosmic race,  
With the poise of the world in its mien,  
The ineffable soul in its face,  
Remembering the best that has been,  
And its password, "The best that can be!"

## *CHAMPLAIN*

No Mesopotamian valley, nor Eden age,  
No long ago, nor by-and-by,  
Is the place, is the time,  
For the birth of the sublime  
From the lovely and the sane.  
But the time is now, and the place is here,  
For life divine,  
In July of the year  
Nineteen hundred and nine,  
In the Country of Champlain.

## THE GOLDEN WEST

**I**N the golden dawn of the world,  
When man emerged  
From the mysterious East,  
With the breath of life in his mouth,  
And the tell-tale trace  
Of the red clay still on his face.

He turned with inquisitive gaze,  
A child of the light,  
To follow the track of the sun  
Through the void far blue,  
Seeing it sink to rest  
In a glorious golden West.

Then an unassuageable urge  
Awoke in his blood,  
The brooding spirit of Earth  
Whispered a word in his heart,  
And man went forth on the trail,  
Knowing he should not fail.

## II

And the slow centuries  
Measured his toilsome march,  
While ever his face was set

## *THE GOLDEN WEST*

To lands that lie beyond  
The going down of the sun,  
Where endeavor's requital is won.

From Egypt and Greece and Tyre,  
From Assyria and Rome,  
With color and pomp and joy,  
Laughter and chants and war,  
Moved the great caravan  
Of wandering man.

Conquering mountain and sea,  
Spreading through forest and plain,  
Crossing the outer flood,—  
The rim of the ancient world,—  
He passed over new domain  
Like the hosts of sweeping rain.

Traversing prairie and wood,  
Waterway, desert, and range,  
At last by the ultimate shore  
Of the ageless sea,  
His pack-trains come to rest  
In our golden West.

## *THE GOLDEN WEST*

### III

Here have the most high Ones,  
The Overlords of the world,  
The Archangels of man,  
Brought their earth children at last,  
To the happy land prepared  
For those who have labored and dared.

O men and women born  
Of the teeming and holy earth,  
And led through the myriad years  
By the impulse and vision divine,  
Behold now what shall be done  
With the heritage we have won?

Here with an empire to use,  
Wealth beyond Solomon's dream,  
And the balm and respite of peace,  
In a garden of the world,  
What is the news or the plan  
Of Twentieth Century man?

### IV

I heard the Sierras reply,  
Rank after rank as they rose  
Through the golden and violet light,



## *THE GOLDEN WEST*

" The destined days are at hand,  
When my children shall arise  
And assume the heroic guise

" From the beginning designed  
For the seraphs, and sons of earth.  
They shall put off envy and fear,  
And skulking merciless greed,  
And be girded against all ills  
With the vigor and poise of the hills.

" Here on this border of time  
Where mighty morrows are born,  
Emerging from ages of dream  
And the dust of unreason and strife,  
They shall grow wise and humane  
With a gladness virile and sane.

" Primal in beauty and pride,  
Christian in kindness and calm,  
Modern in knowledge and skill,  
Sons of the morning, arise—  
Earth's awaited and best—  
From the golden West!"

## THE GATE OF PEACE

**A**H, who will build the city of our dream,  
Where beauty shall abound and truth avail,  
With patient love that is too wise for strife,  
Blending in power as gentle as the rain  
With the reviving earth on full spring days?  
Who now will speed us to its gate of peace,  
And reassure us on our doubtful road?

Three centuries ago a fearless man,  
Yearning to set his people in the way,  
Threw all his royal might into a plan  
To found an ideal city that should give  
Freedom to every instinct for the best,  
From humblest impulse in his own domain  
To rumored wisdom from the world's far ends.  
Strengthened with ardor from a high resolve,  
Beneath the patient smile of Indian skies  
This fair dream flourished for a score of years,  
Until the blight of evil touched its bloom  
With fading, and transformed its vivid life  
Into a ghost-flower of its fair design.

Now ruined nursery tower and gay boudoir,  
A sad custodian of sacred tombs,  
And scattered feathers from the purple wings  
Of doves who reign in undisputed calm  
Over this Eden of hope and fair essay,  
Recall the valor of this ancient quest.

## THE GATE OF PEACE

Great Akbar,—grandfather of Shah Jehan,  
The artist Emperor of India  
Who built the Taj for love of one held dear  
Beyond all other women in the world,  
And left that loveliest memorial,  
The most supreme of wonders wrought by man,  
To move for very joy all hearts to tears  
Beholding how great beauty springs from love,—  
Akbar the wisest ruler over Ind,  
Grandson of Babar in whose veins were mixed  
The blood of Tamerlane and Chinghiz Khan,  
Who beat the Afghans and the Rajputs down  
At Paniput and Buxar in Bengal,  
Making himself the lord of Hindustan,  
And with his restless Tartars founded there  
The Mogul empire with its Moslem faith,  
Its joyousness, enlightenment, and art,—  
Akbar of all the sovereigns of the East  
Is still most deeply loved and gladly praised.

For he who conquered with so strong a hand  
Cabul, Kashmir, and Kandahar, and Sind,  
Oudh and Orissa, Chitor and Ajmir,  
With all their wealth to weld them into one,  
Upholding justice with his sovereignty  
Throughout his borders and imposing peace,  
Was first and last a seeker after truth.

## *THE GATE OF PEACE*

No craven unlaborious truce he sought,  
But that great peace which only comes with light,  
Emerging after chaos has been quelled  
In some long struggle of enduring will,  
To be a proof of order and of law,  
Which cannot rest on falsehood nor on wrong,  
But spreads like generous sunshine on the earth  
When goodness has been gained and truth made clear,  
At whatsoe'er incalculable cost.

Returning once with his victorious arms  
And war-worn companies on the homeward march  
To Agra and his court's magnificence,  
From a campaign against some turbulent folk,  
He came at evening to a quiet place  
Near Sikri by the roadside through the woods,  
Where there were many doves among the trees.

There Salim Chisti a holy man had made  
His lonely dwelling in the wilderness,  
Seeking perfection. And the solitude  
Was sweet to Akbar, and he halted there  
And went to Salim in his lodge and said,  
"O man and brother, thy long days are spent  
In meditation, seeking for the path

## THE GATE OF PEACE

Through this great world's impediments to peace,  
Here in the twilight with the holy stars  
Or when the rose of morning breaks in gold ;  
Tell me, I pray, whence comes the gift of peace  
With all its blessings for a people's need,  
And how may true tranquillity be found  
On which man's restless spirit longs to rest? ”

And Salim answered, “ Lord, most readily  
In Allah's out-of-doors, for there men live  
More truly, being free from false constraint,  
For learning wisdom with a calmer mind.  
For they who would find peace must conquer fear  
And ignorance and greed,—the ravagers  
Of spirit, mind, and sense,—and learn to live  
Content beneath the shade of Allah's hand.  
Who worships not his own will shall find peace.”

Then Akbar answered, “ I have set my heart  
On making beauty, truth, and justice shine  
As the ordered stars above the darkened earth.  
Are not these also things to be desired,  
And striven for with no uncertain toil?  
And save through them whence comes the gift of peace? ”

## THE GATE OF PEACE

Then Salim smiled, and with his finger drew  
In the soft dust before his door, and said,  
" O king, thy words are true, thy heart most wise.  
Thou also shalt find peace, as Allah wills,  
Through following bravely what to thee seems best.  
When any question, ' What is peace? ' reply,  
' The shelter of the Gate of Paradise,  
The shadow of the archway, not the arch,  
Within whose shade at need the poor may rest,  
The weary be refreshed, the weak secure,  
And all men pause to gladden as they go.' "

And Akbar pondered Salim Chisti's words.  
Then turning to his ministers, he said,  
" Here will I build my capital, and here  
The world shall come unto a council hall,  
And in a place of peace pursue the quest  
Of wisdom and the finding out of truth,  
That there be no more discord upon earth,  
But only knowledge, beauty, and good will."

And it was done according to Akbar's word.  
There in the wilderness as by magic rose  
Futtehpur Sikri, the victorious city,  
Of marble and red sandstone among the trees,

## THE GATE OF PEACE

A rose unfolding in the kindling dawn.  
Palace and mosque and garden and serai,  
Bazaars and baths and spacious pleasure grounds,  
By favor of Allah to perfection sprang.

Thus Akbar wrought to make his dream come true.  
From the four corners of the world he brought  
His master workmen, from Iran and Ind,  
From wild Mongolia and the Arabian wastes;  
Masons from Baghdad, Delhi, and Multan;  
Dome builders from the North, from Samarkand;  
Cunning mosaic workers from Kanauj;  
And carvers of inscriptions from Shiraz;  
And they all labored with endearing skill,  
Each at his handicraft, to make beauty be.

When the first ax-blade on the timber rang,  
The timid doves, as if foreboding ill,  
Had fled from Sikri and its quiet groves.

But as he promised, Akbar sent and bade  
The wise men of all nations to his court,  
Brahman and Christian, Buddhist and Parsee,  
Jain and stiff Mohammedan and Jew,  
All followers of the One with many names,  
Bringing the ghostly wisdom of the earth.

## THE GATE OF PEACE

And so they came of every hue and creed.  
From the twelve winds of heaven their caravans  
Drew into Sikri as Akbar summoned them,  
To spend long afternoons in council grave,  
Sifting tradition for the seed of truth,  
In the great mosque in Futtehpur at peace.  
And Salim Chisti lived his holy life,  
Beloved and honored there as Akbar's friend.

But light and changeable are the hearts of men.  
Soon in that city dedicate to peace  
Dissensions spread and rivalries grew rife,  
Envy and bitterness and strife returned  
Once more, and truth before them fled away.

Then Salim Chisti, coming to Akbar spoke,  
"Lord, give thy servant leave now to depart  
And follow where the fluttered wings have gone,  
For here there is no longer any peace,  
And truth cannot prevail where discord dwells."

"Nay then," said Akbar, "'tis not thou but I  
Who am the servant here and must go hence.  
I found thee master of this solitude,  
Lord of the principedom of a quiet mind,  
A sovereign vested in tranquillity,  
And I have done thee wrong and stayed thy feet  
From following perfection, with my horde



## THE GATE OF PEACE

Of turbulent malcontents; and my loved dream  
To build a city of abiding peace  
Was but a vain illusion. Therefore now  
This foolish people shall be driven forth  
From this fair place, to live as they may choose  
In disputation and wrangling longer still,  
Until they learn, if Allah wills it so,  
To lay aside their folly for the truth."

And as the king commanded, so it was.  
More quickly than he came, with all his court  
And hosts of followers he went away,  
Leaving the place to solitude once more,—  
A rose to wither where it once had blown.

To-day the all-kind unpolluted sun  
Shines through the marble fret-work with no sound;  
The winds play hide and seek through corridors  
Where stately women with dark glowing eyes  
Have laughed and frolicked in their fluttering robes;  
The rose leaves drop with none to gather them,  
In gardens where no footfall comes with eve,  
Nor any lovers watch the rising moon;  
And ancient silence, truer than all speech,  
Still holds the secrets of the Council Hall,  
Upon whose walls frescoes of many faiths  
Attest the courtesy of open minds.

## *THE GATE OF PEACE*

Before the last camp-follower was gone,  
The doves returned and took up their abode  
In the main gate of those deserted walls.  
And in their custody this "Gate of Peace"  
Bears still the grandeur of its origin,  
Firing anew the wistful hearts of men  
To brave endeavor with replenished hope,  
Though since that time three hundred years ago,  
The magic hush of those forsaken streets  
And empty courtyards has been undisturbed  
Save by the gentle whirring of grey wings,  
With cooing murmurs uttered all day long,  
And reverent tread of those from near and far,  
Who still pursue the immemorial quest.

## THE TWELFTH NIGHT STAR

**I**T is the bitter time of year  
When iron is the ground,  
With hasp and sheathing of black ice  
The forest lakes are bound,  
The world lies snugly under snow,  
Asleep without a sound.

All the night long in trooping squares  
The sentry stars go by,  
The silent and unwearied hosts  
That bear man company,  
And with their pure enkindling fires  
Keep vigils lone and high.

Through the dead hours before the dawn,  
When the frost snaps the sill,  
From chestnut-wooded ridge to sea  
The earth lies dark and still,  
Till one great silver planet shines  
Above the eastern hill.

It is the star of Gabriel,  
The herald of the Word  
In days when messengers of God  
With sons of men conferred,  
Who brought the tidings of great joy  
The watching shepherds heard;

